

The Tragedy of Hamlet

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Loue: his affections doe not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madness; there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger; which for to preuent,
I haue in quick determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demaund of our neglected tribute,
Haply the seas, and countries different,
With variable obiects, shall expell
This something fetled matter in his hart,
Whereon his braines still beating
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well.

But yet doe I beleue the origen and comencement of it
Sprung from neglected loue: how now *Ophelia*?
You neede not tell vs what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord, doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the play.
Let his *Queene*-mother all alone intreate him
To shew his griefe, let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him: or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall thinke.

King. It shall be so,

Madnes in great ones must not vnmatcht goe.

Exeunt.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue, but if you mouth it as many of our Players do, had as liue the towne cryer spoke my lines, nor doe not saw the aire so much with your hand thus, but vse all gently, for in the very torrent tempest, and as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may giue it smoothnesse, O it feeds me to the soule, to heare a robustious perwig-pated fellow

tere

Prince of Denmark.

tere a passion to totters, to very raging, who for the most part are call'd dumbe shewes, and noyse: I would haue doeing Ternagant, it out Herods H

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, your tutor, sute the action to the words: this speciall obseruance, that you observe: For any thing so ore-done, whose end both at the first, and now the Mirrour vp to nature, to shew vice Image, and the very age and body of the time. Now this ouer-done, or come trade full laugh, cannot but make the iudges which one, must in your allowance choose others. O there bee Players that I haue prayd, and that highly, not to speak with th'accent of Christians, nor the man, haue so strutted and bellowed, as I haue seen Iourenemen had made men, and tured humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd

Ha. O reforme it altogether, and speake no more then is set downe for will themselves laugh, to set on some to laugh to, though in the meane time the play be then to be considered: the pittifull ambition in the foole that will now my Lord, will the King heare?

Enter Polonius, Guilderstern.

Pol. And the *Queene* to, and the

Ham. Bid the Players make hast. V

Ros. I my Lord *Exeunt th*

Ham. What how, *Horatio*.

Hora. Heere sweete Lord, at your

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art een as iust As ere my conuersation copt withall.

Hora. O my deere Lord.